

Get By

Tim Hicks

I like to drink
She likes to smoke
They like to preach about things they don't know
He likes honky-tonk, she loves rock'n'roll

I like Chevy
She likes Ford
I'm automatic, shes a 4-on-the-floor
So who's to say whats wrong, whats right
So just do whatcha gotta do, cha' gotta do to get by

Everybody does a little something to much
Puttin' one to many down
Or lightin' one more up

Everybody loves to point their fingers and judge
But who are we to play God
And say "thats too much"

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Everybody loves to have a little bit of fun
Well you can call it a sin or you can come on in
We're 'bout to get this party on

So raise your glass to the workin' class
Don't worry 'bout right or wrong
Man, kick up the band, clap your hands
C'mon, sing along

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I said do whatcha gotta do, whatcha gotta do, cha' gotta do to get by

Everybody does a little something to much...